

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE NO. 332.

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The All Hail Hereafter!

From R. W. EMERSON.

And, henceforth, there shall be no chain,
Save, underneath the sea,
The wires shall murmur thro' the main
Sweet songs of liberty.

The conscious stars accord above,
The waters wild below,
And under, thro' the cable wove,
Her fiery errands go.

From the N. Y. Courier & Enquirer.

Hymn to the Atlantic Cable.

Bow, Science, bow thy head in awe,
With lightning chain in hand,
Be still, as through the ocean's depths,
Thou bindest land to land;

For thou hast wrought a miracle,
Next to the Son of God,
Thou walkest down on sea's dark floor,
High on its waves He trod;

He holds the lightning in the cloud,
And thou within the wave,
And wind and wave, which yield to Him,
Thou hast had power to brave;

Then tremble thou before thyself,
So near to God skin,
That to thy hand His power comes,
And seems to dwell therein;

And hushed and trembling thank the Lord
For favor on thy shed,
That thou, through sea with lightning chain,
Two continents hast wed.

SALUTATORY.

Peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war.

Translated for this Journal.

Henri Heine about Music and Musicians.

VI.—SEASON OF 1844 (CONTINUED)—MINOR
PIANISTS—MUSICAL MARRIAGES—VIOLINISTS—ERNST—GRAND OPERA—SPONTINI
AND MEYERBEER AGAIN—GRISI AND MARIO
—VIARDOT GARCIA.

PARIS, April 25, 1844.

The transition from the lion to the rabbit is somewhat abrupt. Yet I must not pass unnoticed those tamer piano-players who have figured here this season. We cannot all be great prophets, and there must be also minor prophets, of whom twelve make a dozen. As the greatest among the little ones we name here THEODOR DOEHLER. His playing is neat, fine, pretty, delicate in feeling, and he has a quite peculiar manner of stretching out his hand in a horizontal level and striking the keys only with the curved tips of the fingers. After Doepler, HALLE deserves special mention among the minor prophets; he is a Habakuk of as modest as true merit. I cannot avoid here also mentioning HER SCHAD, who, among piano-players, takes perhaps the rank which we assign to Jonas among the prophets. May no whale swallow him!

As a conscientious reporter, who has to give account not only of new operas and concerts, but also of all other catastrophes of the musical world, I must speak also of the many marriages that have broken out, or threaten to break out therein. I speak of real, life-long, highly respectable marriages, not of the wild dilettante wedlock

which dispenses with the mayor in his tricolored scarf and with the blessing of the church. *Chacun* seeks now his *Chacune*. The messieurs artists dance along on suitors' feet, and warble hymeneals. The violin enters into matrimonial alliance with the flute; the horn music will not be left out. One of the three most famous pianists* married recently the daughter of in all respects the greatest bassist† of the Italian Opera. The lady is beautiful, graceful, and intelligent. A few days since we learned that still another distinguished pianist from Warsaw had entered the holy state of wedlock; that he, too, had ventured out upon that deep sea for which no compass ever yet has been invented. Go on, bold sailor; push from shore. May no storm break thy rudder! And now the report goes, that the greatest violinist whom Breslau has sent to Paris, is on the point of marrying here; that this expert of the fiddle also has got tired of his quiet bachelorship, and means to try the fearful, unknown other side. We live in a heroic period. Just now another famous virtuoso has become engaged. Like Theseus, he has found a charming Ariadne, who will lead him through the labyrinth of this life; she will be at no loss for a clew of yarn, since she is a seamstress.

The violinists are in America, and we have had the most edifying accounts of the triumphal processions of OLE BULL, the Lafayette of the *puff, the reclame* hero of two worlds. The manager of his successes had him arrested in Philadelphia, to compel him to pay the costs of his ovations. The hero paid, and no one can now say that the blond Norman, the genial fiddler, owes anybody for his fame. Here in Paris, meanwhile, we have heard SIVORI. Portia would say: "God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man." Another time, perhaps, I will overcome my disinclination to report upon this fiddling emetic. ALEXANDER BATTA, too, has given a fine concert this year; he still weeps out his little child-tears on the great violoncello. On this occasion I might also praise HERR SEMMELMAN; he needs it.

ERNST was here. He is more fond of playing only at friends' houses. This artist is loved and esteemed here. He deserves it. He is the true successor of Paganini; he has inherited the magic violin, wherewith the Genoese knew how to move stones, nay, even blockheads. Paganini, who with a light stroke of his bow now led us to the sunniest heights, now let us look down into awful depths, possessed, to be sure, a far more demoniacal power; but his lights and shadows were at times too glaring, the contrasts too sharp, and his most grandiose sounds of nature often had to be considered as mistakes in Art. Ernst is more harmonious, and the soft tints predominate with him. Yet he has a partiality for the fantastical, and even for the grotesque, if not indeed the scurillous; and many of his compositions remind me always of the legend-comedies of Gozzi, of the most adventurous masquerades, of the "Vene-

tian Carnival." The piece of music which is known by this name, and which was seized upon in the most shameless way by Sivori, is a most charming *Capriccio* of Ernst.—This lover of the fantastical can also, if he will, be purely poetical, and I have lately heard a *Nocturne* by him, which was, as it were, dissolved in beauty. One fancied himself transported to Italian moonlight, with still cypress alleys, shimmering white statues, and the dreamy plashing of fountains. Ernst has, as is well known, taken his dismissal at Hanover, and is no longer royal Hanoverian concert-master. That was no fit place for him. He were far more suited to conduct the chamber music at the court of some fairy queen, as, for example, that of the Lady Morgane. Here he would find an audience that would understand him best, and among them many high and mighty personages, who are as appreciative of Art as they are fabulous: for instance, King Arthur, Dietrich of Bern, Ozier the Dane, &c. And what ladies would applaud him here! The blonde *Hannoveriennes* may certainly be pretty, but they are mere heath-sheep in comparison with a fairy Melior, with the Lady Abonde, with Queen Genoveva, the fair Melusina, and other famous lady personages, abiding at the court of Queen Morgane in Avalon. At this court (and no other) we hope some day to meet the admirable artist, for we, too, have the promise of an advantageous situation there.

MAY 1.

The Academie-Royale-de-Musique, the so-called Grand Opera, is found in the Rue Lepelletier, about in the middle, and exactly opposite the restaurant of Paolo Broggi. Broggi is the name of an Italian, who was once ROSSINI's cook. When the latter came, last year, to Paris, he visited the *trattoria* of his former servant, and after he had dined there, he stood a long time before the door, in deep reflection, gazing at the great opera building. A tear came into his eye, and when some one asked him why he seemed affected with such sadness, the great master answered, that "Paolo had served up for him his favorite dish of old times, *Ravioli*, with Parmesan cheese, but that he was not in a condition to consume one half the portion, and even that oppressed him now. He, who had once possessed the stomach of an ostrich, could scarcely bear as much as a love-sick turtle-dove!"

We do not undertake to say how far the old wag mystified his indiscreet inquirer. Let it suffice to-day, that we advise every friend of music to go and eat a mess of *Ravioli* at Broggi's, and then, lingering a moment before the door of the restaurant, contemplate the building of the Grand Opera. It is not distinguished by any brilliant luxury; it has rather the exterior of a very respectable stable, and the roof is flat. On this roof stand eight large statues, which represent the Muses. The ninth is wanting, and ah! that ninth is just the Muse of Music. We hear the strangest explanations of the absence of this very

estimable Muse. Prosaic people say, a tempestuous wind has hurled it from the roof. Minds more poetic, on the other hand, maintain that the poor Polymnia threw herself down, in a fit of desperation at the miserable singing of Monsieur Duprez. That is quite possible; the broken, glassy voice of Duprez has grown so discordant, that no mortal, certainly no Muse, can bear to hear it. If it goes on at this rate, all the other daughters of Mnemosyne will fling themselves down from the roof, and it will soon be dangerous passing in the evening through the Rue Lepelletier. Of the bad music which for some time has prevailed here in the Grand Opera, I will not speak. DONIZETTI still remains the best, the Achilles. You may imagine, therefore, what the smaller heroes are. As I hear, too, this Achilles has retired to his tent; he is out of humor, God knows why! and he has informed the Direction that he will not furnish the five-and-twenty promised operas, since he feels disposed to rest. What twaddle! It a windmill were to say the same, we should not laugh more. Either it has wind and turns, or it has no wind and stands still. But Donizetti has an active backer here, Signor Accursi, who always raises wind for him.

The newest artistic enjoyment which the Academy of Music has given us, is the *Lazzarone* of HALEVY. This work had a mournful fate; it fell through with drums and cymbals. As to its worth, I refrain from all expression; I merely confirm the report of its terrible end.

Every time that an opera falls through, or a remarkable *fiasco* is made in the Academy of Music, or at the Bufo Theatre, you will remark there a mysterious, meagre figure, with pale countenance and coal-black hair—a sort of male gypsy granny, whose appearance always indicates a musical disaster. The Italians, as soon as they see him, hastily stretch out the fore and middle finger, and say, That's the *Jettatore*. But the light-minded Frenchmen, who never have a superstition, merely shrug their shoulders and call that figure Monsieur SPONTINI. It is, in fact, our former general-director of the Berlin Grand Opera, the composer of *La Vestale* and *Fernando Cortez*, two splendid works, which will long keep fresh in the memory of men, and will long be admired, while the composer himself atones for all the admiration, and is nothing but a faded ghost that enviously haunts the world and frets itself about the life of the living. He can find nothing to console him for the fact that he is long since dead, and that the sceptre of his power has passed into the hands of MEYERBEER. The latter, the deceased maintains, has crowded him out of his Berlin, the place he always loved so much; and any one who has the patience, out of sympathy for past greatness, to listen to him, may learn, to a hair, what countless documents he has collected to lay bare the intrigues and conspiracies of Meyerbeer.

The fixed idea of the poor man is Meyerbeer, and they tell the most amusing stories of the way in which his animosity proves always harmless by the admixture of excessive vanity. If any writer should complain of Meyerbeer, that he, for instance, has not yet composed the poem which he sent him years ago, Spontini seizes suddenly the wounded poet's hand, exclaiming: "J'ai votre affaire. I take up your cause; I know a means by which you may revenge yourself on Meyerbeer. It is an infallible means, and it is this: do

you write a great article about me, and the higher you appreciate my merits the more will Meyerbeer be vexed." Another time, a French minister finds fault with the composer of the *Huguenots*, who, in spite of the urbanity with which he had been treated here, had still accepted a servile place at Court in Berlin, and our Spontini springs up to the minister in great glee, and exclaims: "J'ai votre affaire, you can punish the ungrateful fellow in the worst way. You can put a dagger into him, and that simply by nominating me grand officer in the Legion of Honor." Lately, Spontini finds poor Leon Pillet, the unfortunate director of the Grand Opera, in a towering passion against Meyerbeer, who has just informed him, through M. Gouin, that he will not give the *Prophète* yet, on account of the inferiority of the singers. How the eyes of the Italian sparkled then! "J'ai votre affaire," he cried in ecstasy, "I will give you a divine hint, how you may humiliate the ambitious wretch to death; have me chiselled out life-size, set my statue in the foyer of the Opera, and this marble block will weigh like an Alp upon the heart of Meyerbeer." Spontini's state of mind is beginning to be a matter of serious anxiety with his friends, particularly with the family of the rich piano manufacturer, Erard, with whom he is connected through his wife. Recently some one found him in the upper halls of the Louvre, where the Egyptian antiquities are set up. The Ritter Spontini stood like a statue, with folded arms, for nearly an hour before a great mummy, whose sumptuous gold case indicates a king, that could be no less than that Amenophes, under whose government the children of Israel left the land of Egypt. But at last Spontini broke his silence, and spoke as follows: "Unhappy Pharaoh! thou art the cause of my misfortune. If thou hadst not suffered the children of Israel to go out of the land of Egypt, or if thou hadst only drowned them all *en masse* in the Nile, I should not have been crowded out of Berlin by Meyerbeer and Mendelssohn, and I should still continue to direct there the grand opera and the court concerts. Unhappy Pharaoh, weak crocodile king, by thy half measures has it come to pass that I am now a ruined man; and Moses, and Halevy, and Mendelssohn, and Meyerbeer have conquered!" In this style does the wretched man hold forth, and we cannot refuse him our compassion.

As regards Meyerbeer, as before said, his *Prophète* is postponed for a long time yet. But he himself will not, as the journals recently announced, take up his abode forever in Berlin. He will, as heretofore, spend alternately one half of the year here in Paris, and the other half in Berlin, to which he has formally pledged himself. His situation reminds one somewhat of Proserpine, only that the poor maestro finds his hell and his hell torments here as well as there. We expect him here again this summer, in this beautiful lower world, where already several scores of musical he and she devils lie in wait for him, to howl his ears full. From morning till evening must he listen to singers of both sexes, who wish to make their *début* here, and all his leisure hours are occupied by the albums of travelling English ladies.

There has been no lack of debutantes at the Grand Opera, this winter. A German made his *début* as Marcel, in *Les Huguenots*. In Germany, perhaps, he was only a big clown, with a brumming beer voice, and thought therefore he

might appear as basso here in Paris. The fellow screams like a wild ass. Also a lady, whom I suspect to be a German, has produced herself upon the boards of the Rue Lepelletier. She is supposed to be extraordinarily virtuous, and sings very false. They do say that not only her song, but everything about her—her hair, two thirds of her teeth, &c., are all false; that there is nothing genuine but her breath, and that compels the frivolous French to keep at a respectful distance. Our prima donna, Mme. STOLZ, will not be able to sustain herself much longer; the ground is undermined, and although, as a woman, she has all the cunning of her sex at her command, she will be overcome at last by the great Giacomo Machiavelli, who would like to see Viardot-Garcia engaged in her place, to sing the chief rôle in the *Prophète*. Mme. Stolz foresees her fate; she feels that even the partiality which the director of the Opera devotes to her, cannot help her in the least if the great master of the tone-art plays his cards; and she has resolved, of her own free will, to leave Paris, never to return, and end her life in foreign lands. "Ingrata patria," said she recently, "ne ossa quidem mea habebis." In fact, for some time she has actually consisted of mere skin and bones.

At the Italiens, in the Opera Buffo, there have been quite as brilliant *fiascos*, the past winter, as in the Grand Opera. There, too, there was much complaint about the singers, with this difference: that the Italians often would not sing, and the poor French song-heroes could not sing. Only that precious pair of nightingales, Signor MARIO and Signora GRISI, were always punctually at their post in the Salle Ventadour, and trilled forth the most blooming Spring, while, outside, all was snow and wind, forte-piano concerts, and Chamber of Deputies debates, and polka madness. Yes, these are charming nightingales, and the Italian Opera is the everlasting singing wood, to which I often flee when wintry gloom beclouds me, as the frosts of life become intolerable. There, in the sweet corner of some covered box, one is again warmed up most agreeably, and does not at least grow bloodless in the cold. There the melodious enchantment turns to poesy what was but now coarse reality; pain loses itself in flowery arabesques, and soon smiles the heart again. What rapture, when Mario sings and in the eyes of Grisi the tones of the beloved songster mirror themselves as if it were a visible echo! What delight, when Grisi sings, and in her voice the tender look and blissful smile of Mario are melodiously echoed! It is a lovely pair, and the Persian poet, who has called the nightingale the rose among birds, and the rose, again, the nightingale among flowers, would here find himself in a quandary, for both of this pair, Mario and Grisi, are distinguished equally for beauty and for song.

Unwillingly, in spite of that charming pair, do we miss here at the Buffos, PAULINE VIARDOT, or as we prefer to call her, the GARCIA. Her place is not supplied, and no one can supply it. This is no nightingale that merely has a *genre* talent, and sobs and, trills so exquisitely of Spring; nor is she a rose, either, for she is ugly, but of a sort of ugliness which is noble, I might almost say beautiful, and which frequently excited the great lion-painter, Lacroix, to enthusiasm! In fact, the Garcia suggests less the civilized beauty and tame grace of our European

home, than the terrible splendor of an exotic wilderness; and in many moments of her passionate delivery, especially when she opens her great mouth, with its dazzling white teeth, too wide, and smiles so grimly sweet and gracefully grinning, then one feels as if the most monstrous kinds of vegetation and of animals of Hindostan or Africa must spring into being; one looks to see gigantic palms, all overhung with thousand-flowered lianas, shoot up; and one would not wonder, if suddenly a leopard, or a giraffe, or a herd of young elephants, should run across the scene. We hear, with great satisfaction, that this singer is again on her way to Paris.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Fatherland.

From the German of GRUEN.

Across the dark green waters
With swelling sail we flew,
A band of joyous spirits,
A merry, motley crew;

Such as, perchance, this morning,
The wind together flings,
And far and wide, to-morrow,
Will scatter on its wings.

One was by birth a Frenchman,
Came from the Rhone's green strand;
Harvests of gold and vine-hills
He called his native land.

For home another boasted
Far Northland's rocky wall;
And Scandinavia's glaciers
And ocean's crystal hall.

Where,—a perpetual beacon,
Vesuvius smokes and shines,
A third had left his cradle
O'erhung with blooming vines.

To Germany's oak forests,
The Alpine herdsman's track,
And meadows of the Danube,
My homesick thoughts went back:

" To all our homes a health, now !
Take each his glass in hand !
Not all, I trow, have sweethearts,
But all, a Fatherland !"

And each his brimming beaker
With flaming glance drank dry;
But one stood, sea-ward gazing
With mute and mournful eye.

It was a man from Venice,
Who murmured all alone;
" Alas ! my home—my country !
Thou art but water and stone !

" Once blazed the sun of Freedom—
Then lived and spake the stone ;
At dawn, like Memnon's music,
Was heard its thrilling tone !

" Girdling the world with purple,
The water rolled that day,
And flung its gorgeous rainbows
To heaven in sparkling play.

" Why art thou quenched forever,
O glorious sun ? and thou,
Ah, why, my home—my country !
But stone and water thou ?"

Far out to sea in silence
Long gazing, did he stand,
And still, untouched, the beaker
Held sparkling in his hand.

Then, as a death-litanie,
He gave the sea the wine,
Like sparkling tears in showers
I saw the gold drops shine.

C. T. B.

Mlle. Titiens.

The London *Morning Post* has the following remarks concerning Mlle. Titiens and the present condition of opera generally :

It is a great pity that Mlle. Titiens should be obliged to leave us without having performed some of those great characters belonging to the high classic school of tragic opera, in which she now excels, we believe, every living singer. The only part of the kind Mlle. Titiens has played in England is that of *Donna Anna* in *H. Don Giovanni*, and it were superfluous to tell our readers how greatly she succeeded in it, or how much that really grand impersonation has contributed to the fame she now enjoys in this country. As the heroine of Beethoven's *Fidelio*, Gluck's *Iphigenia in Tauris*, or Weber's *Oberon*, she would have appeared to the utmost advantage, improved the public taste, and—as we think, at least—have drawn crowded houses. But in the present state of affairs managers are not, unhappily, always free to choose their own course of action, even though that be the only right one; and the dire necessity of conciliating a depraved taste, and succumbing to prejudices, violent in proportion to their silliness, will account for many of the strange mistakes and shortcomings which call, nevertheless, for the critic's animadversion. It may be very true that, where large commercial interests are at stake, the public critic should exercise his vocation with circumspection—that if a series of articles in which the truth be very harshly told possess the power of closing up a large theatrical establishment, and throwing some hundreds of deserving persons "out of bread," as the phrase goes, it is better, in one sense at least, that such articles should not be published. It is proper, in short, to let mercy temper justice, and even to lean to mercy's side. But still, there is a point at which even kindness should stop; and whatever respect may be due to the commercial interests of a management struggling with great difficulties, such as every management in this country must necessarily encounter, the critic's first and paramount duty is to the public in relation to the art he professes to criticize, and whose taste is wholly dependent upon the works most frequently set before them. Musical art is far too grand and important a thing to be dealt lightly with. Its influence upon the passions and emotions—is its power of ennobling and enervating the mind, of exciting the purest and deepest feelings of the soul, or of becoming a merely sensual, frivolous, and contemptible pastime, according to the manner in which it is used, has been known and recognized by all enlightened and refined minds ever since the time of the ancient Greeks. Music, in short, like every other art which influences man's nature, is potent for good or evil; and although it cannot present an unchaste image to the eye, or inculcate an immoral principle, it may nevertheless produce something akin to both, namely, a state of feeling combining voluptuous languor with vulgar enjoyment, whose tendency is to debase the mind and render it unsusceptible of great thoughts, which, however differently they may be expressed in various arts, have all the same source.—We know of nothing more humiliating to a lover of true music than to observe the silly delight of some people while listening to the vapid strains of modern Italian opera. The blank, idiotic vacuity of their countenances, the meaningless wave of the outstretched hands,—do they not faithfully reflect the imbecility of the music ? Nobody in his senses, we believe, would suppose such results could emanate from an intellectual source. We may very possibly be preaching in the Desert; but still, when season after season passes without any sign of improvement—when Italian opera-houses are springing up around us like mushrooms, and works of the lowest order of art form the staple attractions at all of them, it is really time to remind the public that there is such a thing as fine operatic music in existence—that there might be much more if they would have it so—and to endeavor at least to uphold the true standard of art, upon which are emblazoned so many immortal names, if we cannot succeed in making it popular, as it ought to be. No man having any voice in public affairs of art should allow such a state of things to exist without entering his protest, if it be but occasionally, against it, for it is something to maintain people's belief in an important truth, even if we cannot make them love it.

Mlle. Titiens, the great tragic queen of the German lyric stage, is about to leave us without having

been afforded opportunities for displaying half her genius, which shines most brightly in the works of the greatest masters, and the prevalence of modern Italianism is the cause. Thus have the above general reflections been forced upon us; but it should be at the same time understood that they apply with equal force to all our Italian opera-houses, and must by no means be limited to the establishment immediately under notice. Everywhere is Verdi rampant, and everywhere, as a necessary consequence, is an attempt made to trample the classic standard in the mud. Mlle. Titiens was of course unable to contend with such overwhelming circumstances as those which surrounded the commencement of her career in this country, and therefore appeared in parts like *Leonora* in *H. Trocadero*, and *Lucrezia* in *Lucrezia Borgia*, reserving others more worthy of her powers for a future season, when the magic of her genius, then better known and appreciated, may possibly make even the *habitués* of the Italian opera swallow a classic dose or two with something like resignation. Of Mlle. Titiens' efforts in modern Italian opera we prefer her last, viz., the impersonation of *Lucrezia Borgia*. Making due allowance for a certain constraint imposed upon her by a strange language, the peculiar requirements of unmitigated Italian music, and the knowledge that other singers 'to the manner born' had already played the same part on the London stage with immense success, we cannot but think the gifted German's performance a triumph in its way. Physically, she is perfectly well suited to the character. Her tall, stately, and elegant figure—her large eye, flashing command—the full, magnificent voice, so capable of expressing all the stormy or pathetic accents of lyric tragedy—are most assuredly equal to the requirements of Donizetti's heroine; and it is almost superfluous to add, that an artistic mind which could grasp the whole meaning of a part like Mozart's *Donna Anna*, and express that meaning so clearly and beautifully, is not wanting in power to realize such a conception as *Lucrezia Borgia*. Briefly, then, nobody acquainted with the physical and mental abilities of Mlle. Titiens will doubt for a moment that she is more fitted for the due portrayal of the part—her personation of which immediately concerns us—than any other young artist at present upon the Anglo-Italian stage. We remark, indeed, in her conception a grandeur and ideality, and in her execution a temperance and smoothness, which give new value to the composer's notes, materially mitigate the turgid, vainglorious fury of his bombast, and even impart something like dignity to his meretricious frivolity. Once, and once only, throughout the opera, does Mlle. Titiens descend from the heights of lyric tragedy, and address herself to the ears rather than to the minds of her audience; and this is to show what, perhaps, her greatest admirers did not previously suspect—namely, that, in addition to her other unsurpassable and well-known abilities, she is a complete mistress of the art of florid vocalization. We allude to Mlle. Titiens' execution of the *cabaletta* of the air, 'Com' è bello,' which is remarkable for rapid fluency, as it is for decorative fancy and rich brilliancy of tone. Never before, in our recollection at least, was so much effect given to this particularly insipid tune. For us, however, the softly-intense and exquisitely mellow tones, 'in linked-sweetness long-drawn out,' of her 'Com' è bello' and 'Ama tua madre,' colored as they are by dramatic sentiment of the truest kind, have much greater charms. Although it is not even in these instances that Mlle. Titiens' 'fiery and original virtue' can appear in all its native force and fulness, or rise to the height of poetical rapture, it is enabled to reach it in later scenes of the opera, namely, those which terminate the first and second acts, where the heart-rending accents of a mother's agony, wrung from the depths of a 'divine despair'—the stern, haughty, scornful courage, and bold-thirsty fierceness of the *Borgia*—are by turns portrayed by the gifted artist with harrowing truthfulness.

Wild Music in London.

From the *Athenaeum*, July 17.

What a Babel of music is this capital!—with Pifferari from the Abruzzi in the streets—an organ as large as a sea-side cottage, including an orchestra and a *marionette ballet*, drawn by a horse (a cruel instrument of torture this ! because heavy to move) Highland pipers with their flings at our own corner—two rival German bands at our neighbor's—not to speak of the mulligatawny-colored individual, in a muslin turban, who sings his song (is it a song ?) while he busily puts the parchment of his *tom-tom* in exact time, as he lounges along. Then the black musicians, genuine and fictitious (principally the latter), seem to have taken their places among the institutions of the metropolis; and not merely in the Strand or "down East," but in the West End also

not alone as attractions to the shades, or Saloon, or Cyder Cellar, but in the "halls of dazzling light," which a Mr. Owen Jones bedecks so as to give Piccadilly a peep into his own *Alhambra*. Mr. Mitchell has much to answer for, in having first loosed the inky troupe of serenaders on London. During the full season the street delights are drowned by the roar of carriages and the rattle of the omnibus; while *Bones* and *Banjo*, as concert-givers, hardly come to the surface—thanks to the superior attractiveness of "white music," directed by Messrs. Costa and Benedict, Dr. Wynde, Prof. Bennett and Mr. Hullah. Now, when stagnation is rapidly approaching, and when silence out-of-doors and in-doors would be sweet, this wild music breaks out with a spiteful violence. It is needless to observe how intrinsically worthless are such exhibitions. They are frequented for the sake of the lamp-black, the woolly wigs, the grimaces, and the rattle of the bones; and this by people who should know better. Yet (as was said when the Hutchinson family were here) out of the cooking-up of opera-aira and caricatures of such faded ballads as load the counter of Messrs. Cramer & Co. by the thousand—out of the odd twists and chords studded into them, which these sable folk exhibit, may possibly come in later days a set of national melodies as characteristic as the tunes of Ireland, Scotland or Wales. Such—as we have said a thousand times—do we imagine to have been the growth, by degrees, of much, if not all, wild music—the primal forms of melody being almost as few as primal fairy tales. The nine *Swedish Singers* who are now appearing in the smaller *St. James's Hall*, stand in a different category. How far their costumes are genuine in their difference—whimsically reminding us as they do of Quakers, firemen, Armenians, peasants from the Black Forest—we do not pretend to declare; but their singing is good enough of its kind to carry off any wildness or whimsy of costume. Their voices are very tuneful, and nicely managed—with a tone of the same quality as gives its fascination to Madame Goldschmidt's voice: and which thus we may fairly imagine to be generically national. They sing very well together, and their music, though not as characteristic and startling as the hill-tunes that the Rainers brought us (and with them the pathos and solitude of the Alps, into the midst of our close, crowded English cities), has a charm and a quality of its own; and if it be made up—not altogether in a state of nature—it is well made up. Their performances, which are to us full of interest, are diversified by the violin-playing of Mdlle. Humler. No offence to Madame Parmentier, formerly Mdlle. Milanollo—no scandal to more than one old Italian St. Cecilia—her instrument is one which always looks more or less grotesque in female hands—but, with the exception of Madame Parmentier, we have never seen a woman wield the violin—and coax it and make it talk, in a more masterly fashion than this very young lady, who, we perceive, has been taught her craft by M. Ålard, of Paris.

BOSTON MUSIC SCHOOL.—This institution was incorporated in May, 1857, since which time it has been in successful operation.

The plan on which this school is organized furnishes instruction to pupils in vocal and instrumental music, and in musical composition. The study of the piano-forte and harmony is enjoined upon each pupil, and that of singing, or of any orchestral instrument is optional, either as a primary or a secondary study. The pupil, however, can study only in three branches in one term, and in each branch two lessons a week will be given, all of which instruction is included under the same price of tuition.

This is the first institution of the kind organized in this country, and it promises to be to America what the music schools in Germany, Paris and Italy are to Europe. The importance and value of such facilities for instruction as the board of managers of this school present, cannot be overstated. By a judicious arrangement the instruction, which is imparted by practical as well as theoretical teachers, is emphatically thorough in every department, and is given at a very low price.

The want of such an institution has long been felt in our community, and it cannot be doubted that the efforts of those who have established it, and the peculiar advantages it offers, will be properly appreciated and encouraged. Pupils of both sexes are admitted, and, except in choral practice, their instruction will be kept entirely distinct. Pupils can enter the school at any stage of their musical progress, and the course of their studies will be arranged by the Board of Instruction. A new term will commence on the first Monday of October next.—*Transcript.*

A LARGE ORGAN.—The Roman Catholic (French) Parish Church of Montreal, that large and magnificent edifice, the admiration of strangers in the city, has recently been supplied with a large organ, pro-

portionate in size to the vastness of the building. Although not yet completed, the central section has been up and is now in operation. The builder is Samuel W. Warren, of Montreal. He began the work in November, 1857. The central section was completed and performed upon on the 24th of June last, the anniversary of St. Jean Baptiste, to the delight and satisfaction of a congregation numbering over 10,000 persons. The remaining two sections are in course of construction, and when fully completed the dimensions of this immense organ will be fifty feet in height, forty-five feet wide, and twenty feet in depth; number of pipes, 4698 (some of which weigh 12 cwt.) four sets of manuals; one set of pedals, $\frac{3}{4}$ octaves, with twelve stops; six large bellows (to be worked by water power) and eighty-nine different stops. The pneumatic lever is to be applied to each of the manuals distinctly, and also distinctly or separately to the manual complete. To the pedal organ there will be a double set of pneumatic levers; but the most elaborate use of this power will be found in its application to the combination of stops. Here we have it exhibited in a compound form to each organ individually, and to the whole collectively; where, by one operation, the player is enabled to produce a combination of stops upon the instrument at once. This movement is effected by a series of knobs, about two inches apart, placed immediately in front and under each set of manuals, occupying a centre position, always within reach of one or other of the performer's thumbs. The registers extend throughout the entire compass of the key-board, without any exception. Mr. Warren has made an important improvement in the construction of the pedal keys of this organ, which are concave at the centre, thereby obviating the necessity of describing a semi-circle in the movement of the foot from side to side, or stretching of the leg, heretofore so embarrassing to the performer. The cost of this organ, when fully completed, will be \$20,000.

A Piano with Pedal Obligato.

The following is from a French journal, *Le Maitrise*:

If the number of clever organists has always been limited, this fact has resulted from the difficulty of procuring an instrument on which they could practice. Organs are rarely to be found except in churches, where it is difficult to make them serve the purposes of study. The organist is, therefore, in most cases, compelled to practise on a piano, and to this he resigns himself so willingly, that a too prevalent opinion has, in some measure, made pianist the synonyme of organist, although between the two instruments there is but one point of resemblance, viz., the key-board. The touch, the fingering, the style of music, are all different; and the pedals, which constitute at once the main difficulty of the organist, are wanting in the piano. And yet it is only by long practice that the organist can make himself master of his instrument, and obtain full command of the magnificent play of thirty-two feet which they alone put in action, and which produce the deepest grave tones that the ear can perceive. The difficulty of his study consists chiefly in the peculiar and complicated fingering required in order to enable the organist to link together the sounds produced, even in the most rapid passages. An attempt had been made, before the invention of the piano, to adapt a system of pedals to the harpsichord. A similar system has since been applied to the piano by one of our most skilful manufacturers, who, however, merely borrowed from that instrument its hammers and strings, which were acted upon by the feet instead of by the hands. This system, which has the advantage of setting free the left hand, adds little to the possibilities of the instrument. It is the application of the *pédale tirasse* of the organ to the piano.

A distinguished musician, M. Auguste Wolff, head of the house of Pleyel, Wolff, and Co., has recently invented a *Pédalier* forming an instrument independent in itself, having its own strings and hammers, as well as its own peculiar mechanism. This instrument is not cumbersome, and may be conveniently introduced into the smallest apartments. It is a kind of armoire placed upright against the wall; the performer seating himself on a bench attached to the front of the instrument, which may be raised or let down at pleasure. The pedals are under his feet; and a piano of any kind, upright, square, or grand, is placed before him. The height of the *Pédalier* allows its strings to be unusually long and thick; while the dimension of the sounding-board, proportionately large for a key-board of two octaves and a half, imparts a peculiar richness and power to its tones. In the best grand pianos, the last octave, and especially the last fifth, is composed of notes lacking both tone and clearness. In the *Pédalier* of M. Auguste Wolff, the last ut is as pure and as full as

that of the best flute-stop of 16 feet. As in the organ, in which a play of eight is always added to a play of 16 feet, M. Auguste Wolff, with a view to modify the gravity of the thick strings of his instrument, has united with them finer strings which produce at the same time the octave next above. The prolonged vibration is of remarkable fulness. This beautiful instrument has the advantage of being attainable at a moderate price; therefore it appears to us that it will be found to be widely useful. Henceforth, by its aid, the organist will be enabled to study, in his own room, the most complicated organ-music; the pianist may familiarize himself with the numerous *chefs-d'œuvre* of the great masters written with pedal *obligato*; and composers for the piano will find new resources in this instrument, which we believe is destined to become the complement of every grand piano."

We have inspected and tested the *Pédalier*, which is now on view in London. When the makers have obtained the full benefit of English organistic experience, and have acted upon the advice given them, the instrument will doubtless be extremely valuable. At present the pedals are most inconveniently located. Provision should be made for their extending at least a foot further under the piano-forte. By the arrangement of the *Pédalier* and its "bench" (for sitting) exhibited to us, the student was effectually debarred from anything approaching a pleasant practice of any pedal fugue. This must be remedied; notice must be served to us that the remedy has taken place; and then we shall be happy to call attention to one of the most simple yet important inventions that has for some time been published.—*Lon. Mus. Gaz.*

A Uniform Diapason.

The *Moniteur* of Wednesday contains a decree of the Minister of State instituting a commission to devise means of establishing in France a uniform musical diapason! The preamble of the decree of the French Minister of State is as follows: "Considering that the elevation, constantly increasing of the diapason presents inconveniences by which musical art, musical composers, artists, and musical instrument makers, have equally suffered; considering that the difference which exists between diapasons in different countries, in different musical establishments and manufactorys, is a source of embarrassment in general, and of difficulties in commercial relations, a commission is instituted," &c. The commission will consist, amongst others, of two professors of physics, and the following composers—Auber, Berlioz, Halévy, Meyerbeer, Rossini, and Ambroise Thomas.—There are, I dare say, many who will be ready to smile at this decree as a frivolous intervention of the State; but I fancy the present generation in England have overcome the prejudices of their fathers against an art so comprehensive in its study and effects as music, and the feeling must be now general that the English Government might do more than it has done for the encouragement of the higher branches of musical education. "Tonic sol-fas," and other singing establishments on the voluntary system, are excellent after their kind, but they will never, unassisted, create an English school of dramatic composition. I believe it has been long agitated in musical circles to establish a uniform diapason throughout Europe. The present is a good opportunity to revive the idea.—*Lon. Mus. Gaz.*

The Music Show at Sydenham.

(From *Punch*.)

To their Flower Shows and Shower Flows (this latter word has birth in the spray of the Great Fountains) the Directors of the Crystal Palace now are wisely adding Music Shows. Unthinking minds fancy that, as music is addressed to the ear, not to the eye, it is somewhat of a Taurism to say there has been a "Show" of it. But a concert like last Friday's, with its acre of performers, and its square mile or more of audience, appealed not less to the ocular than to the aural sense. A blind man or a deaf one might alike have been delighted with it. Besides, whoever cavils at our calling it a Music Show may be silenced by a reference to the official programme. The concert is there termed a Choral Demonstration; and Dr. Johnson's synonym for this big word is Show. *Quod erat Demonstrandum*. Argal, *Punch* is right, as usual, in his coinage; and, as the words struck from his mint invariably pass current, the next "Grand Choral Demonstration" will be more simply called a Music Show, and will not upon that account, *Punch* bets, prove less attractive.

Opera-goers are well used to hear music in a hot-house; and there therefore was small fear that Sir Joseph Paxton's greenhouse would be found too hot to hold them. Indeed, grilled as they've been lately, with thermometers at midnight standing at 100 de-

grees in the coolest shade procurable—that is, we should say, in the shade of Aristocracy—we think that the *habitués* of Covent Garden and Her Majesty's must have felt a new sensation in listening to music in a comfortable temperature, and where they could respire without the exercise of fanning. Moreover, in a floral point of view, the great green-house at Sydenham surpasses both the London hot-houses. The bouquets in Covent Garden are growing more and more gigantic every season, but they can't quite yet come up to the Crystal Palace flower-baskets; and there is no green in the eyes of the frequenters of the Haymarket, so freshly verdant as the leaves of the orange-trees at Sydenham. Comparisons are "odorous;" but, even in a nasal point, the C. P. has just now undeniably the best of it.

We are sure the dauntless Lamley and the indefatigable Gye do everything they can to keep their houses in good odor. But fresh air in London is not so easily imported as fresh pine-apples and cherries; and, disguise it as we may with pleasant perfume, there is just now an all-pervading something in the air (an air-dresser might christen it *Boquet de la Tamise*, or Concentrated Sewer Scent) which, follow our noses where we may, we can't, in town at least, get out of them.

But how about the music? cries some unbiased critic, who has in his wisdom been reserving his opinion until he ascertain what *Mr. Punch's* may be. We regret to disappoint him, but our hatred of routine will not allow us to indulge in musical criticism. Critics must look elsewhere for the cut-and-dried phrases on which they pin their faith. *Mr. Punch* went to the Music Show solely to enjoy himself; and he therefore cleared his mind of all idea of being critical. *Mr. Punch* has a notion (it may be a mistaken one), that the man who, at a concert, listens as a critic, can't have much enjoyment in it. The hearing of the music is a business, not a pleasure to him. With his ears stretched to their utmost to detect the flaws, he has no aural power left him to appreciate the beauties. To write about a concert without mentioning the music will certainly be varying from the regular routine; and, as variety is charming, *Mr. Punch* by this course will best keep up his character.

Nevertheless, as in these days of Rampant Puseyism some sort of auricular confession will doubtless be expected of him, *Mr. Punch* (speaking not as professed critic, but as one who has enjoyed it) is "free to own" that the Music Show at Sydenham was as pleasant as the temperature in which he sat and listened to it. In both respects the green-house had the better of the hot-hou-e. The varied bill of fare which was presented at the Sydenham feast formed an appetizing contrast to the *tojours Verdi* diet with which the British opera-goer has of late been sickened. The *morceaux* of Mozart and Mendelssohn and Roastbeef (this latter is the musical synonym for Handel), which were put before us last Friday afternoon, showed that *Mr. Costa*, the celebrated *chef*, was as choice in his selection as in his serving up. Every dainty dish was fit to be "set before a king;" and *King Punch* is pleased accordingly to intimate His relish of them, and to state that, long before His annual feast was finished, the taste of *Traviata* was clean gone from His mouth.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, AUG 2.—Of course, during the dog days, little to say about music. There are rumors of future operatic movements, but little more than you have already been informed of. They say *BRIGNOLI* has been offered a flattering engagement at the Italian Opera in Paris, and will probably accept it, first opening our fall season in New York. *MARETZKE*'s great open air Musical Festival in Jones's Wood, (of which I hope to speak at further length in my next,) has been postponed for a few days, in consequence of wet weather.

I spent last Sunday with a friend in New Haven, making my first visit to that delightful city. Everybody knows what a lovely place it is; how neat and beautiful are the houses, each isolated in its own little court-yard, and embowered by shrubbery; how beautiful the view from East Rock; how noble the Park, ornamented by the three old churches, and flanked by the buildings of Yale College; and above all, how magnificent the stately elms, with their interlacing foliage, and noble Gothic naves! Beecher, in his "Star Papers," thus discourses about this noble tree:

"No other tree is at all comparable to the elm. The ash is, when well grown, a fine tree, but clumpy. The maple has the same character. The horse chestnut, the linden, the mulberry, and poplar, are all of them plump, round, fat trees, not to be despised, surely, but representing single dendrological ideas. The oak is venerable by association, and occasionally a specimen is found possessing a kind of grim and ragged glory. But the elm, a lone monarch of trees, combines in itself the elements of variety, size, strength, and grace, such as no other tree known to us can at all approach or remotely rival. It is the *ideal* of trees—the true *Absolute Tree*! Its main trunk shoots up, not round and smooth, like an over-fat lymphatic tree, but channeled and corrugated, as if its athletic muscles showed their proportions through the bark, like Hercules' limbs through his tunic. Then suddenly the whole idea of growth is changed, and multitudes of long, lithe branches radiate from the crotch of the tree, having the effect of straightness and strength, yet really diverging and curving until the outermost portions droop over and give to the whole top the most faultless grace. If one should at first say that the elm suggested ideas of strength and uprightness, on looking again he would correct himself, and say that it was majestic, uplifting beauty that it chiefly represented. But if he first had said that it was graceful and magnificent beauty, on a second look he would correct himself, and say that it was vast and rugged strength that it set forth. But at length he would say neither; he would say both; he would say that it expressed a beauty of majestic strength, and a grandeur of graceful beauty. A village shaded thoroughly by grown elms cannot be but handsome. Its houses may be huts; its streets may be as dirty as New York, and as frigid as Philadelphia; and yet these vast majestic tabernacles of the air would redeem it to beauty. These are temples indeed; living temples, neither waxing old nor shattered by time, that cracks and shatters stone, but rooting wider with every generation, and casting a vaster round of grateful shadow with every summer. We had rather walk beneath an avenue of elms than inspect the noblest cathedral that art ever accomplished. What is it that brings one into such immediate personal and exhilarating sympathy with such venerable trees? One instinctively uncovers as he comes beneath them; he looks up with proud veneration into the receding and twilight recesses; he breathes a thanksgiving to God every time his cool foot falls along their shadows."

One of the most beautiful sights I have ever seen, was the park at New Haven upon the moonlight night we were there. The Capitol building stood out clear and cold, in its Grecian majesty, while behind it a few lights twinkling amid the foliage betrayed the locality of old Yale. The Episcopal church, its grey walls covered with ivy, stood near by, silent and dark, while the two other churches were brilliantly illuminated, and from their interior the sacred music of the choirs swelled out upon the quiet night. Far over the foliage of the elms arose, in majestic and ghostly whiteness, the noble spire of the Central Church, bathed in moonlight, while the lovely walks beneath the elms were enlivened by idle wanderers who quietly listened to the church music, or softly whispered to each other as they strolled along, ever and anon stopping to admire the magical effect of the moonlight as it crept in, here and there, through the interstices of the heavy foliage. I have seen moonlight nights in Florence, in Rome, in Venice, but nowhere is a moonlight night more exquisitely lovely than that Sunday night in the Park of New Haven.

They have some very good church music in New Haven, withal. At the Central Church there is a fair organ, a skilful player, and a large and tolerably well-trained choir; but I was particularly pleased with the music in the adjacent Episcopal church. An admirable quartet (the contralto of which is deserving of great praise,) is ably seconded by a tasteful organist, whose name I did not learn. Of course, one cannot judge of the merits of a performer from hearing him at a single service; but from what I did hear, my only objection to this gentleman's playing is a lack of *vim*. He must be careful that his tasteful, elegant style does not become cloying from monotony. Another remark: Why does a capable organist omit the customary final voluntary? Such an

omission looks as if it proceeds either from laziness or snobbishness. I do not, either, understand why an excellent choir like this should allow the clergyman to read the *Te Deum*. This noble canticle loses half of its grandeur when divorced from music. Small country choirs may be excused for adding its rendition to the duties of the clergyman, but I do not see why a competent city choir should do so. With this exception, I think the music of this excellent quartet will give a great satisfaction to any of our readers who may visit the city and feel inclined to attend this church. They sang, the morning I was present, the beautiful hymn: "Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings," with as much taste and effect as I have ever heard.

So after dating New York a letter about New Haven, I will close before allowing myself an opportunity of indulging in further similar Hibernianisms.

TROVATOR.

PITTSFIELD, MASS., AUG. 5.—Last evening, although it was rainy and unpleasant, a select number of ladies and gentlemen attended a soirée of the "Mendelssohn Musical Institute," given at the close of their summer term. The pieces performed seemed to give general satisfaction. Among them were sonatas of Beethoven, Mozart, Kuhlau, and Diabelli; songs by Mendelssohn, both with and without words, vocal and instrumental. The beautiful song, "Wenn die Schwäbchen heimwärts ziehn," by Abt, was very correctly and sweetly rendered by a modest young lady pupil; and the closing sonata, for four hands, by Mozart, was greatly admired, both for its intrinsic beauty and for the purity and delicacy of its rendering by the young ladies, the notes seeming to drop pearl-like from the fair hands, which appeared not to tremble at all; though it is doubtful as true now as ever, that we must not "trust to appearances." But in my mind the utmost satisfaction was felt in knowing that these pieces were not studied for display or exhibition; but they have made a portion of those which form the daily study of the pupils, and are selected from many similar ones which they are capable of performing. Those who have formerly been present at these soirées, noticed a marked progress in the style and execution of the performers, as few remain at the M. M. Institute for a less time than a year. Although it has been in existence but little more than two years, it has received eighty-three pupils, who have given fifty-one public soirées, which have no doubt had a beneficial influence upon all who have attended them, in elevating the taste and cultivating a love for the truly pure and beautiful in the divine art. May this Musical Institute continue thus prosperous; and in the ascending path they have chosen. We bid its founders God speed!

CLASSICUS.

MARION, ALA., JULY 20.—Being a constant reader of your Journal, and noticing reports musicale from almost all sections of the world, I venture an intimation of the existence of Music and musical performances in this section of cotton and corn.

Native original plantation music, with fiddle and banjo accompaniment, has so long assumed the ascendancy, that although the old folks will, for the sake of the rising generation, don their best habiliments and endure a performance, still, after going through the torture, they will, with much pleasure solicit some one to "give 'em a tune."

Notwithstanding all this, there has been, and now is, much attention given to the musical education of young ladies, many of whom can give you a lively specimen of showy execution, as the grand test point of clamaeric excellence—in a piece by Schulhoff, Voss, or Wallace, to the extent of one or two compositions as a "show off" for reserved occasions—but, as a test of musical attainments, the scales in simple form would suffer. The object does not seem to be

so much a musical education as the ability to entertain a few friends with some lively polka, hornpipe, or jig, (among whom that species of music is always predominant, the faster played the greater the credit); or some ballad in simple form, in which the words are the only thing listened to; so that, to attain an enviable popularity, one must either amuse or astonish.

During the past year there has been much done in the cause of Music in Alabama, at the "Judson Female Institute," under the direction of "Professor" Pond, recently from New York. At the concert given during the winter season, and more recently at the two closing concerts of the Institute, the pupils gave some creditable specimens of vocal and instrumental music that would not have been amiss in your city of music. The overture to *Tancredi* and *Fra Diavolo*, and fantasia from *Norma*, *Musaniello*, *La Bayadere*, *Zampa*, Benedict's *Galop Brillante*, Battle March from the *Prophete*, &c., were accurately performed; the first three upon nine pianos, (!) with three performers at each, (!!) twenty-seven pianists, (!!) with Debain Harmonium, two Timpani, and other *furniture orchestra*—the "Professor" conducting and performing the duties of Violin Primo or a Solo Cornet, which he did most satisfactorily in the *Fra Diavolo*.

The other pieces, together with a long array of minor compositions, were performed upon nine, eight, seven, six, five, and four pianos, (!!!) with two and three at each instrument; all evincing careful training and a sympathetic response to the baton of the conductor. *Schulhoff's Impromptu* and "Gold Fever Galop," together with Czerny's brilliant variations on *Le Desir*, were well given as solos, though rather at a too rapid tempo, as is apt to be the case with novices before an audience. We could not help regretting the absence of a grand piano for the soloists.

Of the vocal performances we need only refer to the programmes and the eulogistic encomiums bestowed upon them, as an evidence of their select character and superior performance. We had to regret the defective acoustic properties of the hall, as also the division of the stage for the chorus, so that instead of the two hundred and thirty performers being together, they were nearly equally divided on either side, with an open space of one third the width between; notwithstanding which they gave the choruses of the Fishermen from *Musaniello*, the Echo Glee from *Preciosa*, the sacred choruses: "Now elevate the sign of Judah," "Lo, He cometh," (with the recitative by the Pr—) the *Gloria* from Mozart's Twelfth Mass, &c., with a fine spirit and precision. The Glees: "Hark; the curfew," "Hark, Apollo," "Cough and Crow," and the three-part songs, "While sunbeams," &c., from *Cinderella*; the "Phantom Chorus," from *Sonnambula*; "Down among the lilies," and the favorite Latin trio: "Regna Terre," and others—the first two as "Chorus Trios" in soprani, the last two as Solo Trios by three well-balanced soprano voices. Several sterling duets and solos served to justify the conclusion that in Alabama there is music that will soon introduce a good taste for a class of performances hitherto overlooked.

"Professor" P., of the Judson, is also training all the available male voices in Marion, so that ere long he may render some chorusses, glees, &c., in a creditable manner.

We must not forget to mention, in connection with the Judson concerts, the pleasure we derived from listening to the brilliant performances of the harp and guitar scholars. The harp and piano duets and trios, for two harps and pianos, as well as the harp solos, deserve especial mention, as the harp scholars were all novices.

PHILADELPHIA, AUG. 10.—I find it totally impossible to pick up a single chip of musical intelligence for you, this week. Never have I known a stagnation so complete. Cobwebs festoon the cornices of the Academy; Concert Hall stands forsaken as an old catacomb; while the Musical Fund Hall has not been opened since SATTER made his graceful obeisance therein.

CARL GAERTNER, formerly of your city, spoke to me, some days since, of arranging a classical Concert; but when I gazed into his eyes, with unfeigned astonishment, to assure myself of his sanity, he whistled the whole affair off as a joke. The man really intended it, however, and that at a time when there are no classes of society left in Philadelphia, but organ grinders, rag pickers, firemen, and music dealers!

When the musical season sets in I will furnish you with reports of all concerts and operas which transpire.

MANRICO.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUGUST 14, 1858.

Our Music Pages—An Italian Opera Entire!

In making our musical selections we have many tastes, many wants, many capacities to suit. It is impossible, of course, to suit them all; and there are some, to cater to which would be quite beneath the character, and contrary or foreign to the purpose, of a journal which exists mainly in the hope of helping to give a higher and truer direction to musical pursuits, tastes, and enjoyments, than we find in the great majority of cases where there is some love or talent for sweet sounds. Our four weekly pages must at any rate be well filled; the space is too precious to be left to weeds, to be covered with trashy polkas, negro melodies, flat, sentimental ditties, or the nine-thousand-nine-hundred and ninety-ninth new mechanical variation upon the common type of a Yankee psalm-tune. We wish to keep within the range of what is legitimately music in an artistic sense, and feel that we are ministering to earnest and sincere music-lovers, and not merely making friends with idle, vulgar, and depraved tastes.

Within this range, however, we would be catholic, and recognize a lawful, an inevitable difference of tastes. We do not ask all, all the time, to accept only such music, in such forms and by such masters, as we ourselves most love and think we have good reason to believe decidedly superior to all others. We shall, from time to time, give other music, in which we appreciate a good element, although it may have *comparatively* lost its interest for us, and although we may regard the phase of musical culture, which its too fashionable prevalence denotes, as not by any means the healthiest or highest. We shall give it in deference and in justice to tastes different from our own, believing that it can do no harm where it is not cultivated too exclusively, and that the pleasure it affords is not unmixed with some edification. But we will give no trash, no hum-drum, vulgar and "illiterate" music.

At the same time, we have to confess to another limit in our selections, besides that of artistic tone and principle;—a limitation quite external, economical. It were a ruinously costly luxury,—at least so long as musical journals are so moderately supported by the public—to have so much music every week put into type to please the readers of our Journal only; we must give pages of what already serves, or may hereafter serve, more general uses; and the immense stock of our publishers contains so much that is excellent and suitable, that we have plenty of material to draw from, although we are excluded from the many fine songs and piano pieces which are always engraved and not printed from type music.

Within these limits we have thus far sought to do at least one really good thing, and to address the largest number that perhaps we could address by any one way, and that one a good one. We have been furnishing a series of choruses, with solos, for mixed voices, for men's voices, for female voices only, of moderate length, suited for musical societies and clubs,—pieces from the best masters, many of them but little known among us, and of the finest quality, while they include a wide variety. We shall continue to do this at intervals, amounting to at least half the time. In this way

each subscriber—who more than probably is also a member of some choir or club who love to practice the best kind of music—will get in the course of the year a very rich and rare collection of such choral pieces as he will find nowhere else,—an invaluable repertoire of the very choicest.

Naturally, necessarily, most of these selections have been German. But we are quite aware that half, or more than half, of our readers like Italian music better; that is, they think they comprehend it better; it excites them more; it has more melody, *they* think; it is less "scientific," learned, intellectual, profound, and more emotional and to the heart (if sometimes *the heart*, in the spiritual sense, does get confounded with the *blood*); and it has been interpreted to them in fire tones and breathed into their throbbing veins and nerves by passionate Italian singers, amid all the tragical enchantments of the Opera. Do not we, too, recall those young days of fresh musical enthusiasm, when Bellini opened a new heaven to us? And shall we ungratefully deny that there was a step of musical culture and refinement in that rose-colored experience? It is only when the thing is run into the ground, and becomes hackneyed; only when it passes into a listless, lazy, fashionable excitement; only when it becomes a matter of the blood more than of true soul's passion; only when truth becomes too tame, too tranquil, and too homely for our "fast" habits, and all is sacrificed to mere *effect*; when brass lords it over the less forward, more sincere, sweet-spoken instruments; when genial Rossini, and melting, love-entranced, sincere, and sad Bellini must give way to Verdi,—that we think it plainly the duty of every intelligent friend of music to hold up the enduring masterworks and models of the art, the inspired creations of the Shakespeares, Miltons, Raphaels of the tone-world, the works of Bach and Handel, Beethoven and Mozart, Schubert and Mendelsohn and Chopin and Schumann, Weber and Rossini—at least when he was true to himself—to counteract the feverish and shallow influence of the modern Italian Opera fashion.

So much, for the present, for the Italian predilection. Another class of our subscribers, reasonably enough, beset us, saying: We cannot sing, but we do "play piano" (to use the quaint German phrase, which drops the article); give us sometimes something for our fingers.

We have considered the matter well, and mean to hit these two birds with one stone. We propose to give, by instalments, alternating with our classical chorus pieces, *an entire Italian Opera*, arranged, or "reduced," for a pair of hands at the piano-forte. We purposely select one of the more popular ones, and not a rare one, which perhaps the class here aimed at would not appreciate—one answering to *their* demand, and not merely to the same class for whom we are providing otherwise. As one which we think among the best among the Operas most in vogue, we take *Lucrezia Borgia*, by DONIZETTI, and we give, to-day, the first four pages, which we shall continue from time to time, until the Opera is complete, with title-page and the et ceteras.

With this fair division of the field, we shall feel a freedom all the more perfect, every time the turn comes to bring out treasures new and old from what we have learned to esteem the choicer sources.

Musical Chit-Chat.

A batch of new English Operas are to be served, piping hot from the oven, at Drury Lane, next autumn. Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison (that ever-memorable tenor) have accepted a "strange" opera from the pen of BALFE, the libretto by the poets of "Ross of Castle." Mr. FRANK MORI, too, has founded a lyrical structure on an old English subject of the time of Henry VII., "upon which hopes are founded."—Thirdly, *Martha* has been done into English by Mr. CHARLES JEFFREYS. These are counted as so many blocks added to the foundations of the National English Opera!

The great library left by the late collector, Herr Fischof, of Vienna, is offered for sale. It contains more than 100,000 musical works and works on music, besides very rare manuscripts, and numerous autographs of Bach, Haydn, Salieri, Schubert, Chopin, and other musicians of note.

The great operatic Festival in Jones's Woods, New York, commenced in earnest on Monday. The *Tribune* says ten thousand people were present.

At 2 o'clock in the afternoon, or soon after, the mammoth orchestra gave a grand concert, which, in spite of the excess of brass, the audience enjoyed amazingly. Then came waltzing and dancing on the green-sward to the music of scattered bands. Astonishing feats in gymnastics diverted attention for a time, and at length the folks settled themselves down on the grass, under the green trees, in pleasant conversation, watched the boats gliding up and down the East River, or roaming about with the little ones. . . . At eight o'clock came the fireworks. Messrs. Edge did themselves credit in this display. After a number of brilliant minor pieces, a large harp with appropriate inscriptions was fired. The crowning piece of the evening was a representation of the great event which is now dazzling the world. Two steamships were represented paying out the cable, and moving slowly toward the telegraph stations at each end of the route. Above was the inscription, in letters of fire,

"Blessed be Providence,
The Cable is laid."

As this piece burst into sight the crowd doffed their hats and hurrahed enthusiastically.

The Festival was continued on Tuesday and Thursday. "Trovator" has promised us a full account of it.

A German newspaper has the following advertisement: "Musical real estate purchase! A musical married capitalist wants to purchase a farm, on which there is a musical widow, who will engage for a certain rent to stay upon the place, and play six hours a day on the piano, with the purchaser. Ladies of an irreproachable life disposed to reflect upon the proposition, are requested to address C. H., *poste restante*, Gogolion." . . . M. LAMARTINE has made the strange discovery that MOZART was an Italian! In an article in his journal: "Entretiens Familiers," from which we gave an extract last week, he says "Germany claims him [Mozart] as her child. We would not snatch this glory from a land which produced Gluck, Beethoven, and Meyerbeer; but properly Mozart is rather a child of the Italian Alps than a son of Germany. He was born in a pretty little German town, which by situation, physiognomy, and language, belongs more to the Tyrol than to Germany." Lamartine seems to be not very well "posted up" in his geography, if he thinks that Salzburg lies in the Italian Tyrol.

The Leipzig *Signale* mentions a new work, by F. A. KUMMER: "Tabular Comparison of all the Instruments used in Orchestras and Bands, both in relation to their compass and the usual mode of writing for each. It may be used as an introduction to the art of instrumentation. Similar tables may be found, to be sure, in other works, but this by Kummer is by far the most complete and comprehensive."

The melodies which CHOPIN made to songs and poems, brought to him in Paris by his Polish countrymen, have been collected by his pupil, M. Fontana, who will publish them as the second part of Chopin's posthumous works. They will be interesting as being the only vocal music known to have come from the pen of that Raffaele of the piano, as Heine called him.

The Watch-Dog roused again.

Were we a musical composer, and had we a fame which we wished watched over with an unsleeping, jealous vigilance, we should say: So far as respects the vigilance, commend us to just such a friend, so prompt, so watchful and so constant, as the London *Musical World* has proved itself to MENDELSSOHN; but it is quite a serious question whether a dog that barks too much, barks upon all occasions, and frequently without occasion, on the slightest shadow of a pretext, is not on the whole a greater harm than blessing both to friend and foe.

Our London friend is very jealous for due honor done to Mendelssohn; and that is a music, that a fame, for which we all may well be jealous. But he is morbidly irritable on the subject; one cannot hint the slightest qualification of Mendelssohn's supreme genius, or own to a conviction that there have been ever greater men in music, or in any way approach the idol, although hat in hand, in the free exercise of

one's own judgment, without this jealous watcher scenting mischief and invidious disparagement. One cannot even quote or copy for amusement's sake, for the pure curiosity of the thing, or for the sake of letting every side be heard, any opinion or expression not entirely orthodox about the honored master, without its being construed into a malign attack. Now we profess to be sincere lovers of Mendelssohn's music; we have written much in praise of it and copied more; we have given a larger share of him than of any other composer in our musical selections for our readers. But we like to let our readers see what thinking minds, of various character and propensities, say about him, especially when they say it brightly, quaintly and bring out strongly, with a genuine flavor of individuality, certain qualifying considerations which have worth at least as shadows to the truth.

We have been translating, by way of light and piquant summer reading, some of the queer, satirical, partly sincere and partly malignant, things which HEINE (who, we took care to say, was not a musical authority), has written about music and musicians, as they interested him in Paris. Our first selection, in which Heine contrasts Rossini's *Stabat Mater* with Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, rather to the disadvantage of the latter, is copied by the *World*, under a title of its own invention: "A Stone thrown at Mendelssohn from behind a Wall!" and accompanied with editorial remarks, which doubtless contain some true things about Heine, though they hardly recognize sufficiently the good side of his nature. These remarks we copy here, because they will help the uninitiated to read more intelligently, and not attach too much weight to Heine's ridicule of artists whom he did not like. As to the *Stabat Mater*, did we need to say that our opinion was by no means that of Henri Heine?

Among those who, at one time, worshipped variously at the shrines of Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer, and afterwards turned against both, was the poet Heine, a man of wonderful gifts and wonderful impudence, witty ("spirituel," is better) and unprincipled in an equal measure. On some particular occasion, Heine was snubbed by one of the Mendelssohns—perhaps by the impetuous Felix himself, who, though, when a young man, generally discreet enough to avoid making enemies, could not, in his heart, have esteemed the character of Heine, however he may have admired his genius. From that moment the Jew poet and satirist never lost an opportunity of sneering at the Jew musician. As a specimen of Heine's mode of attack, we have printed, in another column, the first of a series of papers (translated for *Dwight's Journal of Music*), under the head of *Heinrich Heine on Music and Musicians*.

It will be observed that Rossini is the pretext for letting down Mendelssohn, just as Rossini is invariably the shield behind which the most desperate thrusts are made at Meyerbeer. Nothing can be more ingenious, nothing more charmingly written: and to those unacquainted with the *Stabat Mater* and *St. Paul*, or unable to appreciate the difference between them, the whole essay will have an air of gospel truth that admits of no denial. One thing, nevertheless, will be missed, and that is the "naïveté," which Heine rightly considers an essential attribute of genius, and of which, by the way, Mendelssohn possessed about as large a share as any composer since Mozart and Haydn. The sly Rossini, after reading (if he ever read) the comparison between his own *Stabat* and the oratorio of his "North-German" contemporary, would know, as well as Heine himself, to estimate it at its proper worth.

"North-German criticism," indeed! We have too much of it now, and it is a pity that Heine did not live long enough to be snubbed by Dr. Marx. We should then have had something funny about that very ingenious gentleman, who, impelled by the remembrance of a personal pique, with which the world has nothing whatever to do (the world caring nothing about Dr. Marx), is incessantly hammering at the pedestal upon which, years since, he helped to raise Mendelssohn, and from which he vainly strives to displace him. If Heine had known music sufficiently to entertain any genuine opinions on the subject, if he had not been compelled to live from hand to mouth, if the tone of his musical criticisms had not entirely depended upon the pecuniary difficulties which weighed him down and led him to prostitute his brilliant pen, he might have done good service; he might have cleansed the Augenstabs of Berlin musical politics, have routed the sophists, and put to flight the "Zukunfts." Against such a man the "North German" philosphasters, who write so much about music without understanding it, would have had no more chance than the Jesuit "Perr" against the author of *Candide*. But it so happened that Heine, who promised better things at the outset, degenerated into a man of coteries and circles; and this without the excuse of one-eyed enthusiasm, which makes its victims detract from the merits of all but their own pet-idiots (a malady rather to be compensated than despised). At first the flatterer, then the vituperator, of Meyerbeer, now the friend, now the enemy of Mendelssohn. Heine, from a firmly-rooted oak, mocking the tempest, was metamorphosed into a weathercock, swayed by every breeze. His susceptibility was deeper than his sense of right, his egotism far surpassed his love of truth. Thus ripe for a new and unworthy mission, he abused his splendid talents; and later, when his profligate habits had brought with them the inevitable consequences, he became a parasite and a borrower, repaying those with withering contumely who were tired of constantly obliging him.

The paper we have transferred from the pages of Mr. Dwight, and which we have rechristened *A Stone thrown at Mendelssohn*

from behind a Wall, diverting as it is, and sparkling with the brightest fancies, came from the worst part of Heine's nature. It was the offspring of an ancient spite at Berlin—not a manly declaration of opinion on the merits of two musical composers and two musical works. It could not be the latter, since Heine was entirely ignorant of music. It was, therefore, a deliberate attempt to lower, in the estimation of the world, a man not less his superior in sincerity of purpose and nobility of mind than in genius. Little harm was done, however, by the squib, although it may have caused some of the Berlin geese to cackle, and the Jesuits in various parts to stroke their chins. Mendelssohn outlived it, just as *St. Paul* will outlive the *Stabat Mater*.

When reading Heine's poetry, and admiring, as we read, the wit and imagination of the poet, his fine perception and his trenchant irony, it is impossible not to lament that such a mind should have been perverted. Banned voluntarily from the land of his birth, he only revisits to sneer at it; and insults the Rhine with as much complacency as he ridicules a dish of sourkraut and sausages—the same bitterness peeping out from the false *bonhomie* with which he rails at both. He makes the venerable stream, on whose banks he had passed his childhood, exult in its degradation at the hands of the French, and mocks it with feigned expressions of consolation. Not a touch of patriotism ever escapes his pen. But worse than all, this hardened cynic, recalling, as with a sudden religious impulse, a representation of the Passion, by children, on the shores of the Mediterranean, enlists the impressions he commemorates with such apparent earnestness, as arguments in support of a falsehood. If Heine was no more sincere at Cetze, watching with interest the Roman Catholic ceremony, than at Paris, when he wrote the comparison between Mendelssohn and Rossini as church composers, he must be pitied. And yet it is difficult to believe that even Heine would put the memory of such an hour as that, when the heart within him, throbbed for once at least with a pure and holy sympathy, to any such uses as the alternative would imply. We are therefore constrained to believe, that in both instances he was entertaining his readers at his own expense, and at the sacrifice of truth—which, for all we know, may be "naïveté," but so far as our intelligence will allow us to fathom it, is impurity.

Music Abroad.

London.

FESTIVALS.—The *Athenaeum* says: We have now before us programmes of the Hereford and Birmingham Festivals: the former with full details. At Hereford the artists engaged are Mesdames Novello and Viardot, Mrs. Weiss, Mrs. Hepworth, Miss Vining, Miss Lascelles; Messrs. Sims Reeves, Montem Smith, Weiss and Thomas. On the first or "service" morning, the principal features will be Handel's *Dettingen* "Te Deum," a "Jubilate" by Mr. Townsend Smith, and an Anthem by the Rev. Sir Frederick Onsley. The oratorio, on the first day, is to be "Elijah"; on the second, a selection from Mendelssohn's *Athalia*, Signor Rossini's "Stabat," with English words, and part of "The Creation"; on the third, "The Messiah." Some attempt to improve the evening performances seems to have been made, by making a main part of each concert consist of a selection from an opera; the three chosen being "La Clemenza," "Semiramide," "Lucrezia, Borgia." The music laid out for the Birmingham Festival has already been mentioned;—we may add, however, to former notices, that at the Tuesday's concert will be given "Acis and Galatea," with additional accompaniments by Signor Costa; on the Wednesday, Mendelssohn's *cantata* "The Sons of Art"; on the Thursday, Signor Costa's *serenata*, written for the late royal wedding. The list of engagements is liberal, though we are not reconciled to the total abnegation of instrumental *solo* music—believing, for instance, that a violin *concerto*, played by Herr Joachim, would be as popular in 1858 as used to be M. De Bériot's *Concerto*, with its *Rondo à la Russe*, without which no provincial festival was held complete thirty years ago. The singers are to be Mesdames Novello, Viardot, Albini, and Castellan. We understand that the last lady will take part in Mr. H. Leslie's "Judith," together with Madame Viardot, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Signor Belletti. Rarely has any English work enjoyed the advantage of so strong a cast as this. In completion of the list of singers, we must name Miss Balfé and Miss Dolly, Signori Tamberlik and Ronconi, Messrs. Montem Smith and Weiss. The principal works to be executed at Leeds are, "Elijah," "The Seasons," "The Messiah," a selection from the "Passions-Musik" of Bach, Signor Rossini's "Stabat," and Prof. Bennett's new May *Cantata*. We perceive, too, that the visit of Her Majesty to open the new Hall there has been "worked," by way of swelling the subscription to the Musical Festival,—as those who take tickets for the oratorios will be admitted to see Royalty with all her train. This is not well—hardly respectful to Her Majesty,—and it implies a confusion of things with some of which music has nothing to do.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—A grand musical festival took place July 16, under the direction of Mr. Benedict. The band included forty first violins, forty second violins, twenty-six altos, twenty-eight violoncellos, and twenty-eight double basses (with an equal proportion of wind instruments), and numbered upwards

of 200 performers, comprised of the *élite* of the profession. The choirs, including the Vocal Association, numbered 800 vocalists, being a total of 1,000 performers. Messrs. Benedict and Manns conducted.

The following was the programme:—

PART I.

Overture (*Marañillo*), Auber. March and chorus, "Crown ye the altars" (*The Ruins of Athens*), Beethoven. Motet, "Sanctus," Bortiasky. Scena, "Ocean, thou mighty master," (*Oberon*), Miss Stabbach, Weber. Triple concerto, for three pianofortes (with additional orchestral accompaniments by Moscheles), Miss Arabella Goldard, Mr. Benedict, and Mr. Lindsay Sloper, J. S. Bach. Air and chorus, "Come if you dare," Mr. Sims Reeves, Purcell. Trio, "Cradle Song," for female voices (unaccompanied), Miss Louisa Pyne, Madame Lemmens Sherrington, and Miss Dolby, Benedict. Song, "The Village Blacksmith," Mr. Weiss; W. H. Weiss. Ballad, "My pretty Jane" (by desire), Mr. Sims Reeves; Sir H. Bishop. Hebrew morning hymn, "Let us adore," (*Joseph*); Ménéh. Le Carnaval de Venise, with variations, arranged for the voice, Madame Gasser; Benedict. Air, "The Skylark," Miss Louisa Pyne; Benedict. Cantata, "O sons of art," Messrs. Sims Reeves, Wilby Cooper, Weiss and Deck, and Chorus; Mendelssohn.

Between the parts, Mr. Best performed the "First Movement of Handel's Second Concerto," on the Festival Organ.

PART II.

Concertante for four violins, with orchestral accompaniment, Messrs. Molique, Blagrove, Delchmann, and Saiton; Maurer. Song, "The green trees," Miss Dolby; Balf. Variations, "Il dolce canto," Miss Louisa Pyne; Rode, Fantasia, "Home, sweet home," (by desire), pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goldard; Thalberg. Cavatina, "Doh vien non tardar," (*Le Nozze di Figaro*), Madame Weiss; Mozart. Air, with chorus, "Possenti Numi," (*Magic Flute*), Herr Deck; Mozart. Chorus, "O Thor whose power," (*Prayer, Moss in Egito*); Rossini. Part-song, "The blue bells of Scotland." Grand triumphal march; Best.

Paris.

July 10.—It seems evident, from silence on the subject, that M. Meyerbeer is not at the *Opéra Comique* of Paris rehearsing his strange work which has no chorus, as was undertaken he should be long ere this. Thus no new production is to be expected from him during the current year. This places that declining theatre in a "predicament." The last revival there has been "Le Valet de Chambre," with music by Signor Carafa, whose "Aure felice" was, some thirty-five years ago, the delight of amateurs, and who was, at the head of a military music-school in Paris, till that establishment was suppressed by Government.—The *Gazette Musicale* announces that M. Membré—hitherto mainly known by his pleasant romances, "Page, Ecuyer, et Capitaine" being one—has received a commission demanding powers of a different quality—this being to write choruses to the "King Oedipus," of Sophocles—a translation of which, by M. Jules Lacroix, is about to be represented at the *Théâtre Français*.—*Athenaeum*.

July 17.—There is no end to rumors about the three opera-houses in Paris. We see talked of, for the *Grand Opéra*, absolutely, an arrangement of one of the two Greek tragedies with Mendelssohn's music (or is this merely an incorrect edition of the promise made for the *Théâtre Français*?). "Athalia" would be a better choice; not merely because it is written with female voices, whereas the others are for a male chorus exclusively, not merely from the interest of its *solo* parts, but because (unless we are mistaken) it was composed on French text, and thus the difficulties of translation (which at best implies version) would be avoided. Then "they say" that M. Félicien David has set "The Last Judgment," and that M. Méry has succeeded in so modifying the *libretto* as to make the work presentable at the *Académie Impériale*. One might regard such a rumor as a piece of stupid irony, did one not recollect the lengths to which French irreverence has gone in former dramas. Recollecting these things, the tale is sufficiently curious as belonging to a land where Academies give prizes for moral plays,—where Authority professes a desire to amuse the people for its good by aid of the stage, and at the same time to stand well with the powers ecclesiastic,—and where the censorship is somewhat irritable. To return to matters less serious, the *Grand Opéra* is in a plight anything but grand as regards its artists. We hear, however, from a source on which reliance can be placed, that Mlle. Artot is making way with her public, and will, probably, appear in M. Gounod's "Sapho,"—perhaps, too, in "Les Vépres Siciliennes," her voice having developed itself in the upper register. Her action too is commended as graceful, modest, and intelligent. The cry is still for a tenor. Why do they not try M. Naudin? Signor Rota (who, we find, invents *ballets* and not composes the music, as we stated, and who is engaged for next season at *Her Majesty's Theatre*) is about to concoct a *ballet* at the *Grand Opéra* for Madame Rosati. Other journals assert that the heroine of M. Meyerbeer's work promised to the *Opéra Comique* (and on a Breton story) is to be Madame Cabel. As for the tales which concern the *Théâtre*

Lyrique (one announcing the migration thence of Madame Miolan-Carvalho to the *Grand Opéra*) their name is Legion—of new operas by MM. Maillart and Godefroid,—M. Gounod's "Faust" to open the season (with Madame Ugulde for *Marguerite*) among the number; also of a new *faré* opera, composed by M. Massé, with the taking title of "La Fé Carabosse." There seems to be no end of music proceeding from the house of M. Duprez, who has already made a name and founded a family which will live in the history of Drama by the side of the names of Kemble, Devrient, Garcia. Now we hear that his son, M. Léon Duprez, is about to come forward as a composer of operas.—*Athenaeum*.

Sophie Cruvelli has been a considerable gainer by the will of Ahmed, son and heir of the Egyptian Viceroy; his death by drowning in the Nile has been in all the journals, and it was casually mentioned in those papers that a large legacy devolved on the person who taught French to the young prince when at Paris. A stronger sentiment than gratitude of a grammar pupil is now known to have dictated the very magnificent bequest of the Moor, and the lyric queen of song has had, in fact, the option of enacting the part of Cleopatra on a real Nile, with real pyramids in the background.

It is contemplated to bring out Mendelssohn's *Œdipus* at the *Grand Opéra*, Paris. An opera by Felician David is also spoken of.

VIENNA. The *Thalia Theater*, at Vienna (one of the minor establishments of that capital), has been producing an opera, "The Orphan," by Herr Stolz. The principal musical work to be performed at the great concert at Baden, on the 27th of August, is to be the "Romeo and Juliet" Symphony of M. Berlioz. We observe with pleasure that the local societies of the smaller towns in Germany are beginning to bestir themselves towards the completion of the Handel monument, by giving concerts. "Samson" is going to be forthwith produced with this intention in the picturesque old town of Halberstadt, where (by way of further invitation to any autumn tourist in want of a halting-place) are churches well worth seeing, and in one of these is an organ well worth hearing,—a town, moreover, on the hem of the Hartz country.

The Italian opera closed with an *olla podrida*, made of fragments from the *Barbiere*, the *Italiana in Algeri* and the *Trovatore*. The most conspicuous among the artists were Madame Charton-Demeur and Signor Debasini. The lady especially distinguished herself by her brilliant singing in Rossini's opera.

FLORENCE.—A new oratorio by Pacini was produced on the 20th ult., which is spoken of in enthusiastic terms, called *The Destruction of Jerusalem*. The work is in three parts—the Prophecy—the Delay—the Fall. The concourse of artists from all parts of Italy was immense, and the applause at many passages quite overwhelming. The Grand Duke was present at the first performance, and was amongst the first to congratulate the veteran composer on his work.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The other foreign news of the week is (with one exception) neither rich nor rare. Among its items are a recent performance at Basle of an Oratorio composed by M. Reiter, 'The New Paradise,' a performance of Sebastian Bach's mass in A (should not this be B?) minor, entire at Stuttgart, where the *soli* parts were taken by Madame Leisinger, Mlle. Marschall, Herrchen Rauscher and Schultky, (of the last-named gentleman we heard, when at Cologne, as one of the best *bassi* now in Germany), the execution lately at the *Palazzo Vecchio* of Florence of an Oratorio, 'The Destruction of Jerusalem,' by *Il Maestro* Pacini, the approaching publication of a new 'Torch Dance' (the third) composed by M. Meyerbeer, for the reception of Princess Frederick William of Prussia—lastly, the programme of the coming German opera season at the *Kärnther Thau Theater* at Vienna, which is queer enough in its aimless, polyglot fashion. The operas announced are Herr Wagner's 'Lohengrin,' Mozart's 'Schauspiel Director,' Mendelssohn's *opetta*, known in England as 'Son and Stranger,' Adam's 'Chahet' and, by way of firework, *bonne-louche*, desert, what not? 'La Reine Topaze.' The last, however, will prove a lame Queen, unless she be presented by Madame Miolan-Carvalho.

A new tragedy on the subject of Cleopatra has just been produced at Naples. The author is Signor Bolognesi; "the serpent of old Nile," is personated successfully by Madame Sadowski. Here is another proof, were it wanted, of the life existing in Italian drama.—*London Athenaeum*, July 17.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC,

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Vocal, with Piano.

A Mother's Last Farewell. Song. Wrighton. 25
A beautiful song, of touching simplicity.

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The words of this Song are a very witty and extremely ludicrous parody on Mackay's well known "John Brown." The Music is original. Lovers of the comic Muse will find this a first-rate funny Song.

Mrs. Lofty and I. Song. Judson Hutchinson. 25
Will be remembered by all visitors of the Hutchinson Concerts, during the past season. The poem strikingly contrasts the relative merits of external and internal wealth. The Music is easy, and well shaped to the words.

The Flower Greeting. Trio for three Sopranos. Curschmann. 30
A charming Trio, strictly for three female voices of equal compass, covering the middle register of the voice. It is a highly pleasing composition, and bears the stamp of artistic finish. Rather easy.

Kittie Lee. Ballad. W. Williams. 25
A very pretty simple ballad.

Mary, oft I think of thee. Song. J. H. Heritt. 25
A fine Melody, which gives to the singer much scope for the display of feeling and passion.

Forget Me Not. Song. Sterndale Bennett. 25
A beautiful song, to English and German words, whose peculiarity is the close affinity of its style to Mendelssohn's, without, however, being anything like an imitation. Those who prefer the German way of song-writing, where the accompaniment claims almost the same share of attention with the melody, adding to the development of little traits in the text, will find this Song very much to their liking. Nor is it at all difficult. It is rather playful in character.

Vocal, with Guitar Accompaniment.

I'll pray for thee. Arranged by Weiland. 25
Mary of the Wild Moor. Arranged by Bemis. 25
Two well-known Songs in a new arrangement.

Instrumental.

Muscating Schottische.	Henry Atkins. 25
Mississippi Valley Waltz.	E. Menzer. 25
Agnes Galop.	G. Boettger. 25
Prancing Schottische.	H. A. Pond. 25
Chatterbox Waltz.	" 25
Novelty Waltz.	" 25
Crag Elfin Waltz.	" 25

New and good Dance Music for the parlor, easy and melodious. The compositions of the last named author will recommend themselves by the taking delicacy of their well-invented melodies.

Home, Sweet Home—College Hornpipe—Garry Owen—Life let us cherish—St. Patrick's Day, and Rustic Reel. All arranged for the Melodeon, by T. Bissell. 25

A very useful collection of familiar old tunes, arranged in an easy style, particularly well suited for Reed Instruments, or for young players on the Piano.

Airs from *La Sonnambula*, for four hands. Arranged by Beyer. 50

This is a new number of that favorite set of Operatic Potpourris, as Duets, called "Revue Médiolane." They are of very moderate difficulty, and can be applied usefully in the course of instruction. The above new number contains the choicest bits from Bellini's immortal work, *La Sonnambula*.

Books.

Balf's New Singing Method, without the use of Solfege. 2.00

The idea from which this work emanated is a very happy one, and will earn for the author many thanks from persons who, although fond of music, and tolerably well qualified to make pretty good singers, still object to go through that long and tedious course of Vocalises and Solfege, which so far has been thought indispensable. Whoever studies according to Balf's directions, will find study sweet and practice agreeable. Balf gives a Song for the Practice of each Interval, a Song for the Practice of Semitones, a Song for the Practice of Syncopation, in short, a nice little Ballad for everything. It is impossible to make the path of Learning more smooth and more pleasant than this popular composer has done. The pupil is supposed to be familiar with the rudiments of Music. As an addition to the course of Instruction in Songs, which terminates in a highly-ornamented and very brilliant Bravura Song, a series of exercises are given, all with Piano Accompaniment, and not extending over more than four pages, which are intended to serve as a key to all difficulties. In a short Preface Mr. Balf gives a great deal of valuable information, concerning the training of the voice and kindred subjects, presenting, upon the whole, a very rational view of the subject, which must commend itself to every body. This work can be used without a teacher. The author, however, recommends the assistance of a master, as long as the pupil is but a beginner.

